MELAZZO,

AND IT'S

BRAVE DEFENCE:

A

POEM.

By *T. HARRIS*, Gent.

LONDON:

Printed for *W. Mears*, at the *Lamb* without *Temple-Bar*; and Sold by *J. Roberts*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*. Price 4 *d.*

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BRAVE DEFENCE, &c.

MELAZZO! Thou lasting Monument of Fame,
Whose Glory lives for ever with thy Name!
Within thy Confines, Valour doth abound,
And all thy Heroes are with Laurel crown'd!
Thou did'st in former Ages teach the Croud
Of Savage Monsters, insolent and proud,
Allegiance,— and unshaken Faith; while They
By thy great Precept taught, submissively Obey:

Did with their Conqu'ring Arms ſecure their State,
And for a while (like Thee!) defy'd the Power of Fate!

Thus uncontroul'd, Thou do'ſt thy Scepter wield,
And, like Great MARS, Reign Monarch of the Field!
Ev'n SPAIN with all her Pomp, and poyſon'd Gall,
Hath felt thy Pow'r, and ſhrunk before thy Wall;
In fear look'd on, then to their Batt'ries fly,
And there untouch'd, like Slaves in ſecret die:
Each private Man with Thee, hath *EUGENE*'s Rage,
Moves like a God, and dares with odds engage:
'Midſt greateſt Danger, ruſhes on his Fate,
Smiles at the Stroak, and does the Edge rebate;
Immortal Glories they in Sallies bring,
And full of Wounds, in Death triumphant Sing:
Fix'd glitt'ring Stars they in that Region are,
And bleſs'd in Fame, *MELAZZO*'s Gods of War!
In Crouds they glide around the fleeting Sky,
Where Wounds are Stars of Immortality.

But Fortune mad to ſee 'em ſoar ſo high,
Checks their fair Hopes of future Victory:
The Marquiſs *LEDE*, fluſh'd with Succeſs and Pow'r,
Captives the Brave, and Martial Conqueror;

Who in obedience to th' Imperial Crown,
In Peace retires, (tho' conquer'd) with Renown!

Thus Emulation makes their Glory ſeem,
A Foil to Haughty *SPAIN*, but Grace to them:
Again reſolve; Again to Arms repair,
And the great *Tug of War* is only here:
Each Chief and Soldier doth with Labour ſweat,
And all at once, ſtrive to be Brave and Great!
With Hourly Conflicts, each the other greet,
And make a War, if but in Bands they meet;
Forward they look, and then, as if inſpir'd,
A-freſh each Soul with dazling Glory's fir'd:
Runs on his Foe with Shouts that reach the Skies,
And fills th' Ecchoing Air with Victories!
They fight like BRITONS thro' wide Seas of Gore,
And imitate *Fam'd Blenheim*, o're and o're.

But all in vain! their Numbers ſtill decreaſe,
Their Chiefs are tir'd, and weary'd into Peace;
Their Veins thus drain'd of it's Illuſtrious Blood,
Flows in the Streets, and makes a rappid Flood:
Their Glorious Structures into Aſhes hurl'd,
Look like the Ruins of a little World;

And what before did with ſuch Splendor grace,
Th' unruly Fire and Cannon, doth deface!

All! All thus levell'd, makes the Brave to yield;
For Power no longer can maintain the Field:
All with ſuch Honour do to Fate reſign,
As makes their Glorious Luſtre brighter ſhine!

The Victor pleas'd, doth praiſe 'em with due care,
And only takes the Honour of the War:
To them he leaves what Fortune juſtly gave,
As a Reward to Men ſo Great and Brave!
Unequal'd Gifts are to their Valours giv'n,
As Saints ſend up their Pray'rs in Thanks to Heaven.

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